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COVENT GARDEN MARKET, AS IT WAS AND IS.

IN the year 1222, the spot where the greatest part of the parish of St. Paul, Covent-garden, is now situated, and from which the market derives its name, was a large garden belonging to the abbot and convent of Westminster, and was called the Convent-garden—now corrupted to Covent, and sometimes Common-garden. This garden, at the dissolution of the religious houses by Henry VIII,

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devolving to the crown, Edward VI, in the year 1547, conferred it upon Edward, duke of Somerset. But, soon after, on his attainder, it again reverted to the crown, and Edward, on the 6th of May, 1552, granted the same, together with a field contiguous on the north, denominated the Seven Acres, but vulgarly called the Long Acre, a name which is still preserved, to John, earl of Bedford.

Within a century after, the neighbourhood being much built upon, Francis, earl of Bedford, about the year 1640, erected the present parish church,

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which was then called a chapel, as the land was supposed to be included in the parish of St. Martin. The earl built this place of worship for the convenience of his new tenants, with the intent of adding a parsonage and settling a stipend for the maintenance of the minister.

On the 7th of January, 1645, the precinct of Covent-garden was, by act of parliament, separated from the parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, and constituted an independent parish, with the necessary powers. But this occurring under the Protectorate, and being held as the act of an unconstitutional authority, a new act was passed (12 Car. II) in the year 1660, by which it was made a distinct parish, under the appellation of St. Paul's, Covent-garden, and the patronage thereof vested in William earl of Bedford, his heirs and assigns.

When John, earl of Bedford, first came into possession of the land, he built a mansion for himself on the north side of the Strand, having a garden in the rear, whose northern enclosure was a brick wall. Outside this wall, on the spot where Southampton and Tavistock streets now stand, the market was originally held. The square, erected about the same time, and consisting of what were then considered "magnificent buildings," was inhabited by persons of the greatest distinction. At the beginning of the last century, however, the earl's mansion, which was but a wooden and rather mean edifice, disappeared. New streets were erected on the site of the old market, and the market, which could not be got rid of, was pushed into the square, to the dismay of the "persons of distinction," who soon flew away and resigned their grand abodes in favour of a very different class, such as vintners, coffee-house keepers, etc. Maitland, writing in 1756, says:—"Things remarkable at present are—a magnificent square, wherein (to its great disgrace) is kept an herb and fruit market; two charity schools; one meeting-house; a parish work-house; a cold-bath; and a play-house"—a strange jumble, by the way, of ideas concerning things disgraceful. With respect to Covent-garden market, the inhabitants of London have learned to think very differently from this sober historian of the last century.

The prejudices of Maitland were not, however, wholly without foundation. The aspect of Covent-garden market, in his time, must have been really disgraceful, if we are to judge from what it was many years later when Hogarth made it the subject of his magic graver. In his famous print, entitled "Morning," the spectator is supposed to be standing in the area of the market not far from the front of St. Paul's church. It is plain from this representation that in Hogarth's time there was no sort of accommodation for the retailers of vegetables on the spot, beyond what they might construct for themselves to suit the occasion. We see the vegetables lying on the ground or heaped on baskets, while, it being mid-winter, shivering creatures are cowering over a fire kindled on the stones. The quack doctor is there among the dispensers of cabbage and turnips, and is bawling with open mouth in praise of his pills and balsams. The charity children, satchels on shoulder, are "creeping like snail unwillingly to school." Tom King's coffee-house is disgorging its drunken rakes, who are winding up the orgies of the night by a dis-

graceful brawl, in token of which swords are crossed and staves are flourishing, and a bob wig is flying through the air. There is the print of little feet in the snow, and there is too an indication of the kind of refreshment prepared for the poor market-folks in the presence of a woman who retails rice and milk in small porringers.

We have ourselves a distinct recollection of the state of Covent-garden market thirty years ago. It then presented to view little more than a confused assemblage of tented sheds, hoards, and wooden standings, and was daily the scene of the most disgraceful uproar and violence; boxing-matches were frequently fought before daylight in the midst of the confusion and bustle of business, and class quarrels between the growers of vegetables and the costers and retailers often grew to such a pitch as to require the interference of the *posse comitatus* from Bow-street, happily so near at hand.

It was not until the year 1827, that, at the instance of the duke of Bedford, an act was passed for constructing a market worthy of the city of London, and commensurate with the enormous traffic which has to be carried on. In the course of 1828, some of the old standings were removed; the work began in earnest in the following year, and before the expiry of 1830, the present noble and convenient structure, from the designs of Mr. Fowler, was completed. It consists of a series of colonnades extending round three sides, the north, east and south, under which are the shops, and over the shops are store-rooms or sleeping-rooms. At the back of these are other ranges of shops, and in the centre is a lofty arcade running east and west, with shops on either side. It is in this arcade that the richest display of fruits and flowers is at all times to be found. All that the floral and vegetable kingdom can produce is here to be seen in the greatest perfection; and this arcade, therefore, forms the favourite resort of visitors. Besides the shop rows which traverse the market from east to west, there are three passages which run from north to south, and present a facility of egress from the market, however crowded, which is much conducive to order and comfort. There are in addition very extensive cellars for storage, nearly the whole of the area of the market being excavated for that purpose. The sewerage is always maintained in excellent order; and water in abundance is supplied from an artesian well which yields 1600 gallons an hour. On the leads, to which we are conducted by broad and convenient flights of steps at the eastern entrance, there are capacious conservatories in the occupation of nurserymen, for the sale of the most choice and delicate plants, flowers, and shrubs. Here a fountain is frequently playing; and from hence an agreeable and secluded view of the bustle and animation of the scene around may be quietly enjoyed.

Covent-garden may be said to be a perpetual market, inasmuch as, go there when you will, there never appears to be any lack of buyers and sellers; but the real market days, when the wholesale trade is transacted, are Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays—the last by far the greatest. The hour when the market commences depends very much upon the demand there is for fruit and vegetables, and the capability of the market-gardeners to meet

it. The carts and wagons containing the stock to be disposed of generally arrive long before dawn, even when the days are longest. A good many of them leave the market without breaking bulk, being bought up in the lump by salesmen who do an extensive business in supplying green-grocers, and in attending the minor markets of the city. The contents of others are rapidly transferred by porters and hangers-on to the shops and stations of the dealers; and the major part of them are disposed of, one way or other, before the sun has risen. Potatoes, carrots, turnips, and the coarser vegetables, for the most part find their way to the southern side of the building, while the potted flowers and blooming plants, which arrive later on the ground, affect the western entrance fronting the church. It is early on the Saturday morning, in the height of summer, that the market is to be seen in the greatest activity. Soon after the clocks of the thousand towers and steeples of London have had their midnight talk together—have buried Friday and ushered Saturday into the world—the heavy crushing and grinding of cabbage-laden wains, and the grappling of horses' feet upon the stony roads, are heard converging from all sides towards the great centre of traffic. These are drawn into position as fast as they arrive, and the horses led off to the stables; and by the time that the grey dawn looks in upon the hubbub, the dealers are ready for the arrival of the host of costers, petty salesmen, and retailers, who, in a few short hours, will distribute four-fifths of the whole enormous importation through every street, lane, nook, and alley of the metropolis.

The influx into London at such an hour, of a thousand or two of carters, market gardeners, and their assistants, naturally creates a demand for something in the shape of substantial refreshment; and this is met by the opening of coffee-shops and early breakfast houses, which shortly after one o'clock are seen to throw open their doors and invite the weary and thirsty wayfarers to enter and recruit themselves. Squatters, too, without number, take up their station against the pillars under the piazza, and tempt by the fragrant steams of coffee and tea, and the display of solid hunches of bread and butter, the plodding carman and the needy porter to indulge in a cheap and temperate meal. Tea and coffee seem now to be the order of the day with the class of out-door industrials who subsist upon the chances of the market—a decided improvement upon the gin and beer drinking of a former period. Upon a late visit, we made a vain search for the seller of "saloop," once a favourite beverage with the poor. We almost fear that it has at last vanished entirely, like many other good things, giving place to something better.

The reader may now suppose that we have left this midnight scene; and having gone home to recruit ourselves with a nap of a couple of hours or so, have returned again between five and six in the morning, when, having the benefit of full daylight, we can the better discern what is going on around us. The attraction of the market has been acting with increased force during our absence, and we no sooner get into Long Acre than our eyes are greeted with evidences, sleek-skinned and long-eared, of the kind of commerce which is

going forward. Donkey-carts, which Bow-street, already crammed to repletion, refuses to make room for, are waiting their turn to take up a position nearer the centre of attraction, under the charge of two or three boys who, for the guerdon of a penny, have taken the custody of half a dozen each. Their owners are absent, busy no doubt in the thick of the market in search of a profitable venture for the day.

We turn down Bow-street, the middle of which is crowded with every possible variety of coster carriage, trucks, barrows, hand-carts and donkey-carts, as well as substantial vehicles drawn by good serviceable horses. We have no difficulty, however, in working a passage on either side through the eager crowd of comers and goers. It is a fine summer's morning in June; the air is clear and fresh, and the sunlight gleams brightly upon every thing around. In two minutes we are in the very heart of the vegetable kingdom: the eye rests upon vegetables at every turn; we tread and trample upon vegetables at every step; and every breath of air we draw is fragrant with the odour of the fruits of the earth. The stalls and tea-boards under the piazza are still steaming, and surrounded by groups of early risers snatching a hasty repast. No obstreperous noise, no riot or quarrelling, strikes the ear, but a steady, continuous, and almost deafening hum pervades the air. Tall figures, ten or twelve feet high, half made up of baskets piled one upon another, flit rapidly about and disappear behind wagons, or breaking suddenly in two, are lost in the ever-moving crowd. Here we come upon a coster driving a bargain for a lot of summer cabbages; it is but the work of a moment ere the basket is mounted upon his head, and he is off to deposit them upon his cart. Another staggers under a hamper of green gooseberries, while a third is bristling all over with lettuces and salads. There goes a child of ten years old hugging an immense bundle of rhubarb; and there a couple of youngsters are hauling along between them a basket of green peas, which they are not strong enough to lift from the ground. You stroll along in front of a row of shops, but your leisurely walk is an anomaly not to be tolerated, and you are elbowed into a degree of activity much more business-like than agreeable. You find every hand busy, packing, unpacking, and arranging; and the clamour of tongues, the crushing and creaking of osier baskets, the flight of cabbages whirling through the air, the heavy fall of packages upon the ground, and the jingle of money, all together make up a concert characteristic of the scene.

Glad of a momentary escape, you make your way into the central arcade, and here your senses are refreshed with the delicate odour of early strawberries; and cherries, blushing ruby red amid the shadows of dark chestnut-leaves, regale the eye. Thousands and tens of thousands of fragrant garden flowers, tied up in monstrous bunches, lie about on all sides, and their perfume fills the place. Every shopkeeper is on the alert preparing for the business of the day. Window glass is polishing into invisibility; snowy sheets of writing-paper are enfolding bouquets and nosegays, and lining little circular baskets for the reception of delicate flowers and choice fruits. Gold and silver fish, and brown and mottled ones, with

hammer-shaped heads and projecting eyes, are swimming about in globes of all sizes, from that of a child's fist to that of an ox's head. Queer-looking prickly exotics, in small vermilion pots, relieve the brown hue of the kidney potatoes and earth-clad truffles. Colossal strawberries, growing dozens on one plant, present to those who can afford it the opportunity of plucking their fruit at the dessert table. Whole regiments of asparagus, packed in dense battalions, are ranged in order ready to file off into the housekeepers' baskets as the forenoon advances. As you walk along, your ear is amused with the rapid and juicy explosion of pea-pods, surrendering their contents into a clean basin or wicker tray. Mountains of cauliflowers, their foamy faces capped in green close-cropped borders, look out complacently from bursting hampers or dark recesses beneath the stalls, contrasting forcibly with the orange hues of the young carrots, in bunches, radiating redly on all sides. The pungent aromatic smell from the dried herb-shops regales your nostrils as you pass; and, proceeding to the west entrance, you come into the veritable floral domain, where you breathe the breath of roses, and revel in the charms of colour, compared to which the rainbow is but a tinted shadow. Here some nursery carts have just arrived, laden with the lovely and fragile productions of the garden and the hot-house. They are unloading, and the dealer is busy in finding room for the stowage of his blooming wares. Geraniums, fiery red, gleam like molten metal; rose-buds, bursting from their mossy hoods, invite the hand to pluck; ranunculuses of all shades, moist with the dew of morning; "poppies, white and red," and various other colours to boot; sweet peas; superb pinks; blue and white lupines; monkey-flowers; pansies, and the bloody cinque-foil; and tender blossoms of all colours, most delightful to see and to smell, but with names which it is impossible to recollect or to spell, are all mingled together, for the moment, in most picturesque and gorgeous confusion. Here, however, in spite of the attractions of the scene, you come to the conviction, forced upon you by a walking box of mignonnette which knocks your hat off, that you are very much in the way; and you move off to the south side of the arcade, and find yourself in the area principally devoted to the traffic in such vegetables as among dinner-eating mortals are generally considered indispensable.

Here you find the green-grocers, costers, and retailers doing business in good earnest. Potatoes, cabbages, greens, lettuces, onions, salads of all sorts, green peas, gooseberries, and rhubarb, are literally marching off in masses; and as fast as they disappear, their places are supplied by new stores. The stacks of vegetable provisions piled up on every practicable space appear inexhaustible, and you can only account for the enormous glut by reflecting for a moment upon the two millions of appetites which London can bring to bear upon the mass. You see by the expression upon every face, that the costers are eager to do business, and anxious to be off to commence their day's round. The chaffing is louder and more earnest, and now and then an indignant remonstrance bursts from the lips of a would-be buyer; but to all appearance, such persuasives are to very little purpose, as you see no intention on the part of the sellers to

deviate from the fixed price. The reason for their inflexibility would probably be found in the fact, that at a later hour in the day, when the green-grocers and retailers have been supplied, a new class of buyers make their appearance: these are mostly Irish, who monopolise the trade in refuse fruit and vegetables. The refuse fruit is mostly sold by Irishwomen in the streets, and is purchased chiefly by poor children of the lowest class. The damaged vegetables find their way, by similar agency perhaps, to the shops of the small green-grocers who reside in bye-streets and courts, and who, working at some mechanical trade, have not leisure to attend the market.

At the right hand of the eastern entrance, near Great Russell-street, is what is called the Jews' quarter of the market. The Jew invariably refuses to deal in green and readily perishable wares. He has no objection to oranges, lemons, cocoa-nuts, and nuts of all sorts; and he has nearly monopolised the wholesale trade in this species of goods, not only in Covent-garden, but in nearly all the other markets of London. You will find him here surrounded by the street orange-women, and by small dealers and keepers of what are called general shops, who are a pretty good match for him, and whom, to do him justice, he is the last person to wish to cheat. Like all other dealers, he will make the best price he can of his goods; but he effects more sales than his rivals, from his determination, which is well known, never to refuse an offer which yields him a profit, however small.

You cannot remain very long in the market without making the discovery, that though it appears at the first glance a scene of inextricable confusion and helter-skelter, yet that, in fact, the strictest order prevails compatible with the due despatch of business. You can hardly fail to recognise the regulating hand of authority in the disposition of the vehicles; as well of those which, to the number of many thousands, crowd all the avenues leading to the square, as of those which, laden with their prodigious burdens of merchandise, are drawn up in the market. By the watchfulness of the police, the former are prevented from approaching so near as to occasion disorder, and an available route is kept constantly open in all directions for their departure so soon as their owners have completed their purchases. In the market itself, one half, or rather more, of the wide road surrounding the huge pile of buildings is kept constantly clear for the passage of the public. The wagons loaded with green goods, and which so soon as dawn commences are turned into a species of shops, surrounded with customers clamorous to be served, are all drawn up close to the foot-pavement which surrounds the building, and within the limits of what is called the "denter line." This is a line marked by a continuous thread of paving stones set in a contrary direction to those which pave the road, and exactly defining the limits of the market-ground throughout the whole circumference of the area. It extends about nine feet from the kerb-stone on the market side, except on the north, where it stretches a foot or two further. Some of these ponderous wains are occasionally loaded with the weight of seven or eight tons, each of green vegetables, the whole of which disappear and are turned into cash by

eight o'clock. It is curious to watch the tactics of some of the professional salesmen to whom the goods are consigned, and to mark their indulgence of old and regular customers, and the indignation with which they will sometimes refuse to sell at any price to a man who ventures to make a disparaging remark.

You now take a short stroll through some of the streets leading into the square. It does not much signify in what direction you go; everywhere the sight is pretty much the same. Carts, wagons, hand-carts, donkey-barrows, flat boards mounted on wheels, and stout cobs and serviceable horses, attached to every kind of vehicle and trammelled with every possible description of harness, throng the centre of the street; and the ground is strewn with heaps of vegetables, some in the act of loading, and some waiting the return of the buyer who is absent bargaining for a new lot. Perched upon the step of a door, and surrounded by an admiring regiment of ragged urchins, who have perhaps passed the night in potatoe-baskets in the market, there sits a little country-boy in smock-frock and brown basin-cap, behind a large cage of young birds plundered from the nest, or rather stolen, nest and all. Now is your time for a thrush or a blackbird for threepence; or a young monster of a raven, with a huge sickly yellow-skinned bill, a grey jerkin, and no tail, for a groat. The young countryman wards off the approach of intrusive fingers by flourishing a stout cudgel; and the rough voice of a carter mounted upon a wagon, warning the young cockneys to "let the buoy aloon," reminds you that the little birds'-nester is not without protection. Here and there, sitting apart in some convenient recess, you may see the flower-girls preparing their small posies for sale. They have given, as you might have seen, fourteen pence a dozen for bunches of violets, which they will sell in the street for a penny a bunch. They make their profit by an ingenious division of their bargains, which results in the multiplication of the bunches by about two and a half. A miserly churl surely must be he who would grudge them their small gain, cent. per cent. though it be.

By this time the early comers are completing their purchases; and having snatched a hasty breakfast in the open air, many of the retailers drive off and make room for others. As the morning advances, the circle of commerce gradually narrows, and by the time the hour has come for the tradesmen to open their shops, the streets are so far clear as to allow of a practicable passage along the pavement. As the green-grocers and costers draw off, a new tribe of customers come to the spot. Thrifty housekeepers, matrons with large families, cook-shop keepers, and proprietors of chop and eating-houses, now come forward to lay in a three-days' provision at a wholesale price. Their advent is hailed by the basket-women, who, to the number of thousands, frequent Covent-garden on market days, and who make their appearance, with their "shallows" under their arms, as soon as there is a demand for their services. From the peculiar accent in which they inquire, "Is it a basket, yer 'ammer is wantin'?" it is pretty plain they must be nearly all Irish. It is next to impossible for a private person to make a purchase to any extent, without a moderate fee to one or

other of this numerous sisterhood for carrying it home.

Besides the basket-women and porters, there are a number of petty traders who find the crowded market convenient for the disposal of their wares. Hot-potatoe merchants ply among the throng, and half-starved boys are seen breakfasting at the price of a halfpenny, butter included. Yonder is a curious figure stuck all over with labels, neatly painted on tin or small wooden panels, which he has put on like a garment, and in which he is clad from head to foot. He has labels hung round his neck, covering him back and front, and labels braceleting his arms and gartering his legs—"New-laid Eggs," "Lemonade," "Ginger Beer, 1d. a bottle," "Coffee, 1½d. a pint," "Mangling done here," "Rents collected," "Goods removed," "Spruce;"—such are the literary productions he puts forth, and of which he is in all probability author, printer, publisher, and retailer, all in one. He is followed by a man harnessed in stout japanned padlocks, curry-combs, and horse-brushes, who stops to talk with the good woman who sells under the piazza rush-made chairs and bee-hives, as well as every description of cheap wicker-work. Another active fellow cries clothes-brushes and pocket-combs; and he is hardly out of hearing ere his place is occupied by one vaunting the merits of his pocket-knives—formidable looking weapons, any one of which were a pocket-full for the Spanish giant. Basket-makers, and makers of slippers and hob-nailed shoes, take up a position against the railings of St. Paul's church. Cart-whip makers, and whipcord and walking-stick sellers, drive a busy traffic among the carters and gardeners. Green-turf cutters bring their circular pots of clover, and pile them against the pillars of the piazza. Sheets of clean paper are offered to the buyers of fruit and flowers at a half-penny each; and if you are seen eating a pottle of strawberries in the market, or in one of the streets adjoining, it is ten to one but you are followed by a couple or more of shoeless mannikins, praying earnestly for the possession of the empty pottle when you have done with it, with a view of selling it for a farthing to the fruiterer.

About mid-day on Saturday is the most favourable time for a pleasure-taking visit to this celebrated market. The arcade then displays the richest collection of fruits and flowers, varying, of course, according to the season of the year. To all the choicest productions of our own country are added, occasionally, the most delicious fruits and rarest flowers of other climes; and all at this hour of the day are arranged with consummate taste and in captivating order, to tempt the regard of wealthy customers. For several hours the interior of the market is turned into a kind of promenade, and is a favourite resort as well for the lovers of Nature as for the lovers of the very excellent things with which the God of Nature condescends to reward the industry of man. It is now, too, that pilgrims are seen mounting the stairs which lead to the conservatories on the roof, to inspect the rare plants and delicate blossoms there kept for sale. The fountain is playing; the sun is shining warm and pleasantly; the hum of the great city sounds soothingly to the ear; the fragrance of innumerable flowers impregnates the breeze; while forms

of exquisite beauty and fragility delight the eye. After the toil and bustle of the morning, we have arrived at a spot where we can leave the reader in a state of agreeable enjoyment.

THE CASHMERE SHAWL.

ENTIRELY enclosed by lofty mountains, in the north-west extremity of India, is a fertile valley—the country of Cashmere. The city which bears the same name contains nearly two hundred thousand inhabitants. The great fruitfulness of the soil, and the productive industry of its inhabitants, have alike contributed to its celebrity, not only throughout Asia, but Europe also. That for which it is most famous, however, is its manufacture of shawls. When this manufacture first arose is absolutely unknown; but from the time at which the British established themselves in India, it has been considered one of the most valuable of the East.

The animal which supplies the materials of these exquisite fabrics is the Cashmere goat, which, so far from being confined to the valley from whence its name is derived, is found in various parts of central Asia between the Himalaya mountains and the Black Sea. In its choicest state, it has large ears, slender and cleanly-formed limbs, horns slightly twisted, and, above all, a long, straight, white, and silky fleece. The quantity of down produced by each goat does not exceed a few ounces in weight, and is, therefore, of proportionate value. It is estimated, indeed, that the down produced by a male is about four ounces, that by a female two ounces, and that two pounds of down are required to make one shawl, fifty-four inches square. It will, therefore, take the produce of ten goats, male and female, to supply sufficient materials for one shawl.

A large part of the wool used in this manufacture is imported from Thibet and Tartary—regions peculiarly favourable to the support of this species of goat. The wool forms the inner coat of the animal, and the dark grey colour it naturally has is removed by a bleaching process conducted in Cashmere, and effected principally by a preparation of rice-flour. When the bleaching is completed, the wool is spun into yarn and dyed of various colours.

The shop occupied by the shawl makers consists of a frame-work, at which the persons employed sit on a bench. Only two are engaged on plain shawls, the weaving being effected with a long, narrow, and heavy shuttle; but when the pattern is variegated, they are worked with wooden needles instead of a shuttle, and a separate needle is used for each coloured thread. The slowness of the progress is, therefore, exactly proportioned to the quantity of work which the pattern may require. It is not unusual for a shop to be occupied with a single shawl during a whole year, if it be one of remarkable beauty, and not one quarter of an inch is completed in a day by three persons, when it is most elaborately worked. Sometimes, in order to expedite the process, a shawl is made in separate pieces, at different looms, and these pieces are afterwards sewed together. There is at each loom a oostand, or head workman, who superintends the making of a shawl, while other persons near him

follow his directions. If the pattern about to be worked be new, or one with which the workmen are not familiar, it devolves on him to point out the figures, colours, and threads they are to employ, keeping before him a pattern of the device which is to be produced. While the manufacture is proceeding, the rough or inferior side of the shawl is uppermost on the frame and nearest the eye; yet the oostand preserves the pattern with the utmost accuracy.

When a merchant engages largely in the traffic of shawls, he frequently has a number of shops, situated near one spot; in these he either employs men to work for him, or else he supplies the oostands with thread which has been previously spun by women and dyed, and they carry on the manufacture at their own houses. In each case, his instructions are followed as to the quality of the goods, the pattern they are to have, and the materials and colours he wishes to be used. In the latter case, he finds all the materials. An oostand receives from six to eight pice per day as wages, and a common workman from one to four pice; the pice being a small coin in Cashmere, worth about three-halfpence English money.

As soon as a shawl is made, notice is given to the inspector, for none can be cut from the loom except in his presence. It is afterwards taken to the custom-house and stamped, a price is put upon it by the proper officer, and on this a demand of 25 per cent. is made. When it is purchased, and about to leave the valley with its owner, the latter has to pay four rupees for permit duty, which enables him to pass with his property; but he is subject to further duties at other parts of the country.

It is necessary to wash the shawls, in order to deprive them of the stiffness of the rice-starch remaining in the thread, and for the purpose of softening them. The best water for this purpose is found in the canal between the lake and the flood-gates at the Drogjun. Some large limestone blocks lie in the washing place, and in one of them is a round hole, about a foot and a half in diameter, and a foot in depth; in this the shawl is placed, and, water being poured over it, it is stamped on by the naked feet for about five minutes, and then taken into the canal, by a man who stands in the water; one end is gathered up in his hand, and the shawl swung round and beaten with great force upon a flat stone, being dipped into the canal between every three or four strokes. This occupies about five minutes. The shawls are then dried in the shade, as the hot sun spoils the colours; and, in ten days afterwards, the coloured ones undergo a similar process, but occupying less time. The white ones, after being submitted to the process, on the first day are spread in the sun, and bleached by waters sprinkled over them; they are then treated in the same way as the coloured shawls, being stamped upon and beaten a second time, then bleached again till they are dry, and afterwards for a third time beaten, stamped upon, and finally dried in the sun. In the second time of stamping, soap is sometimes used, but it is not good generally, and is never employed for the coloured shawls, as the alkali might affect its colours. There is certainly something in the water of the canal which communicates to the shawl a

softness that cannot be given to those manufactured at any place in the plains of Hindustan.

Old shawls that require cleaning, and, in some instances, new ones, are washed by means of the freshly-gathered root of a parasitical plant called *kritz*. A pound of it is bruised and mixed in about three pints of water, and to this is added a piece of pigeon's dung equal in size to a turkey's egg, mixed and beaten up with about the same quantity of water; the shawl is saturated with the liquor, and then stamped upon, washed with the hand, and, finally, well steeped in the canal. In the plains, the berries of a fruit, stirred up with water, yet not so as to form a lather, are used for washing a soiled shawl. A smaller root, known also by the name of *kritz*, is often used for cleaning cotton clothes.

The colours of a shawl, after it has been washed, are often renewed so well as to deceive any but the initiated, by pricking them in again with a wooden pin, dipped in the requisite tints. The fine pale yellow colour of a new shawl is given by means of sulphur fumes. A hole is made in the floor about a foot in diameter and six inches in depth. Over this is placed a small square chimney of poplar wood, open, of course, above. Some lighted charcoal is put into the hole, and over it is sprinkled a small handful of bruised sulphur. Around the chimney, and about two feet distant from it, is placed a horse or frame-work, about five feet six inches in height, upon which four shawls are suspended, and the external air is excluded by another shawl drawn over the top. When the sulphur is consumed, the shawls are withdrawn, and others are subjected to the fumes of fresh sulphur. They are kept until the next day, then washed again in water, dried, and pressed several at a time between two boards.

Alevan, as the shawl stuff when free from ornament is called, is not often, if ever, made up by the weavers of Cashmere of the natural colour, but is prepared to take various dyes. When manufactured with coloured stripes or flowers on it, the *chograh* of the Afghans, or *al-khalek*, the long under-coat of the Persians, is made from it. If the pattern be worked with the needle, the shawl is far inferior, in every respect, to those in which the pattern is woven in. An excellent pair of the former description may be purchased in Cashmere for 150 rupees, about 10*l.*, whereas an equally good pair of the latter kind could not be procured for less than 700 or 800 rupees.

The productions of the Cashmere looms, which are of old and unimproved construction, are very numerous. In addition to shawls, which are always made in pairs, they produce materials for bedding, handkerchiefs, or the shawl of a coloured ground with a small border, and a most light and beautiful fabric, resembling very strong nankin, which Mr. Vigne, to whom we are indebted for many particulars, was told was invented for the Silk turbans. Besides the above, gloves and socks are manufactured from the shawl wool; they also make a red silk cloth for ladies' trousers, and flowers worked in silk on a cotton ground. Sashes and trousers' strings are also manufactured from silk; whilst pieces of blue cloth for turbans and waist-cloths are prepared from cotton, and rugs, horse-cloths, and other articles, from wool.

The broker, who transacts business between the shawl manufacturers and the merchant, is a person of great importance in the city, and conducts his transactions in a rather singular manner. He has correspondents in most of the large cities of Hindustan, whose business it is to collect and forward all kinds of information connected with the trade. By this means, the broker seldom fails to hear of any merchant who is about to start for Cashmere, even from such a distance as Calcutta; and, if he be a rich man, he will send as far as Delhi to meet him, and invite him to become his guest during his sojourn in the valley. Perhaps, again, when the merchant, half-dead with fatigue and cold, stands at length on the snowy summit of some mountain pass, he is suddenly amazed at finding that a servant of the broker has kindled there a fire for his reception, hands him a cup of hot tea, offers him a pipe, and presents him with a note containing a still more pressing invitation from his master. Such well-timed courtesy proves irresistible; he at once accepts the hospitality of the broker, who, it may be, is waiting to receive the traveller with a friendly hug, at the bottom of the pass, two or three days' journey from the city, to which he obsequiously conducts his guest. The merchant finds himself at home at the house of his new friend, all he requires being studiously provided. Of course, these attentions are matters of shrewd mercantile calculation: the broker arranges them with the manufacturer, and to purchase without this go-between is out of the question.

Everything that occurs in this trade exhibits a keen eye to business. No shawl-vendor, for instance, can by any possibility be induced to display his stores till the approach of evening, being well aware of the superior brilliancy imparted to their tints by the slanting rays of the setting sun. When the young merchant has profited by experience, he will find that the shawl is never exhibited by one person only; the broker, perhaps, apparently inattentive, is usually sitting by, and, under pretence of bringing the different beauties of the shawl under his especial notice, "a constant and free-masonic fire of squeezes and pinches, having reference to the price to be asked, and graduated from one hundred to a five rupee power, is secretly kept up between the vendors, by means of their hands extended under the shawl."

On the merchant completing his purchase, the broker, who was before so eager to obtain him as a guest, pays him the compliment of seeing him safe to the outside of the city, where he takes leave of him at a place named Chaturbul, from which practice the brokers have obtained the cant name of the "Chaturbul friends."

LILLA'S TREASURES.

ONE calm grey morning in autumn, a child was wandering through a forest glade. She did not go far from her father's house, which stood on a hill above the woodland, and before whose windows the long waving sweep of foliage spread like an emerald sea. The child's heart was sad. Not long before it had been very joyful, when she looked for the first time on the face of her newborn brother, and pressed her rosy lips on his

tender forehead. But this day there was sorrow and confusion in the dwelling: anxious messengers on fleet horses were sent to seek physicians, and Lilla was told to go and walk awhile amongst the woods, for her usual attendants were all engaged around the sick cradle of her infant brother.

The child's blue eyes were filled with tears as she wandered slowly on; but by degrees she began to observe the various objects lying in her pathway. She felt too sorrowful to look up as she was wont at the bright mingling of many coloured leaves in the tall trees, or the dark shining black-berries and scarlet haws in the hedges; nor did she care to listen to the sweet singing of the birds. "I would rather hear brother's pleasant laugh," she thought; and then she wept bitterly, as she remembered how that low soft music would soon be hushed for ever.

A shining brown acorn lying on the path attracted her notice; she picked it up, and rubbed its polished surface against her cheek. "It is as smooth as baby's little hand," she thought; and then again the pang of sorrow! Near the acorn lay a pretty round stone; it was black, curiously veined with white streaks, and highly polished. At another time Lilla would have been delighted with it; but now, although she took it up and admired its beauty, she did not care much about it.

In a little time she turned her steps towards home. "Perhaps brother may be better," she thought. "Mamma has often told me that God loves little children. I will ask him, for Jesus Christ's sake, to cure my brother." And, kneeling on the grass, she prayed in simple but very earnest words that her Father in heaven would spare the dear infant's life.

When she rose from her knees, she saw a smooth brown shining little thing, like the unopened leaf-bud of a tree, lying on a tuft of moss.

Lilla was fond of collecting "treasures," as she called them, though few persons perhaps would have given them that name. Returning from her rambles in the woods, she used to carry home berries, snail-shells, nuts, flowers, insects, stones, or any small object that seemed to her either curious or beautiful. Then, in the evening, she would show them to her father, and he, taking her on his knee, would explain to her their nature and their use; thus instructing her in natural history, and also taking occasion to direct her thoughts in love towards her Great Creator, who forms alike the creeping worm and the mighty king.

This day the child's mind rested not on bird, or bee, or flower; yet almost mechanically she took up the smooth brown chrysalis (for such it was), and, putting it into her little basket with the acorn and the polished stone, hastened towards home.

Ah! it was a sad home—all the more sad that it was very still and quiet. The physicians were gone; the voices within doors were hushed; and the father and mother, weeping those slow silent tears that are more bitter than the loudest wailing, were kneeling by the low white cot that held their broken flower—their dead and only son.

Many months passed on. It was a lovely morning in early summer, and Lilla was playing in the garden before her father's door. The smile had come back to her lip, and the sparkle to her

eye; and her long golden curls looked all the brighter from the dark colour of the dress on which they fell.

Her father came out, and, taking her little hand in his, drew her towards a shady seat.

"My child," he said, "do you remember the treasures you found in the wood one day last autumn?"

Lilla looked up, and the old sadness dimmed her eyes. "The day, papa—the day that!"—

"Yes, my child, the day that our babe was taken from us. Come, we will look for your treasures."

He led her towards a distant bank of flowers; and there, carefully guarded by a fence of small sticks, grew a slender reddish stem, crowned with two miniature light green oak leaves.

"Do you remember planting the acorn in that spot, Lilla?"

"Yes, papa."

"And where did you put the dark polished stone?"

"Just here, papa, next the acorn."

"Let us look for it."

He raised the earth with a stick, and presently turned up the stone, hard and shining as before.

"Lilla, do you remember the small brown thing, like a folded sycamore bud, which you found near the acorn?"

"Yes, papa; you put it into a paper box."

"Here it is. Let us see if it has changed."

He opened the box; and behold! within it was a beautiful butterfly struggling to get free.

"Papa, the brown thing is gone."

"Look closer, my love, and tell me what you see."

"Oh! I see a dark shrivelled case over part of the butterfly's lower wing; but he is nearly free. Now it is off. See, papa, he is going to fly away!"

And as she spoke, the beautiful insect, spreading his gay wings of crimson, blue, and gold, fled towards a purple lilac tree, and settled on one of its fragrant blossoms.

"Lilla," said her father, "the stone that you buried was a lifeless thing, therefore it suffered no change. The acorn had a germ of growth within it, so it burst its shell, and budded, and sprang up, and will become an oak tree; but it cannot move of itself, nor suffer pain, nor enjoy pleasure; it possesses only vegetable life. The dark brown chrysalis had also a living principle within it, but of a higher nature than that which the acorn enfolded." From its dark narrow prison there sprang, as you saw, an insect full of grace and beauty, prepared to enjoy an existence exceedingly glorious when compared with its former mean condition. This is animal life. Do you understand me, Lilla?"

"Yes, papa."

"Come, my child, let us walk a little further."

He led her outside the garden gate, across the meadow, and through a shady lane, until they reached the peaceful grassy church-yard. There were many hillocks within that enclosure, some long and raised, others short and low. The child and her father paused beside a very little mound. Lilies of the valley, wood anemones, and pale white harebells, bent their delicate heads over the soft green turf that covered it; and a marble slab at

the head bore a few simple words of love, hope, and sorrow.

"Lilla, did we hide from our sight in the earth any other treasure?"

The child wept.

"Yes, papa, my brother was laid in that grave."

"Will he always remain there, Lilla?"

"No, papa—ah no!"

"You are right, my child. Our infant possessed an infinitely higher life than either oak or butterfly. His little frame was very lovely, but it belonged to the dust, and is mingled with dust again. His soul was the breath of God, and to God has that soul returned."

"But will not his body rise again?"

"Yes, my love, it will. Blessed be Jesus for the hope of the resurrection and for all his tender affection towards the young! When our gracious Lord was on earth, he took young children in his arms, and blessed them. For a brief space he held them cradled there, and then resigned them again to their parents to struggle with the waves of this troublesome world. But in the resurrection day he will gather his lambs—all children who truly love him—to himself for ever. He will lead them in green pastures and beside still waters. He will carry them in the arms of his love, and clothe them with immortal glory. As certainly as the fresh green leaf bursts from the acorn—as surely as you saw the gorgeous insect spring from the dark unsightly chrysalis—so will our child's body rise from this mound. We, too, shall rise again from the sleep of death. Be it yours and mine, dear Lilla, so to love and serve God now, that we may rise on the resurrection morn, with holy peace and tranquil joy!"

Then the father and the child walked slowly towards home, still mourning for their little loved one, but comforted with the hope afforded to all who love the Saviour, by the doctrine of the resurrection.

THE LESSONS OF BIOGRAPHY.

A LECTURE FOR WORKING MEN.*

NO. I.

THE author of a pleasing little book which I lately had the opportunity of reading, remarks at the outset of his work, that there are two aspects in which language, as a channel for communicating instruction and pleasure, may be viewed. One of these is *speech*. How astonishing that a man may stand in a crowd of learned or of ignorant, of reckless or of thoughtful hearers, in whose minds all the elements of reason and of passion are at work, and may knock at the door of each heart in succession, wander through its labyrinths of feeling, and rouse it to ambition, and to deeds of noble daring or even of dire revenge!

"But it is in the second form of language," the author alluded to remarks, "that the most marvel-

lous faculty resides. The written, outlives and outdazzles the spoken, word. The power of rhetoric perishes with the rhetorician, it darkens with his eye, it stiffens with his hand, it freezes with his tongue. The bows of eloquence are buried with the archers. But the utterance to which the printing press gives body, is inhabited by an unquenchable spirit. Literature is the immortality of speech. It embalms for all ages the departed kings of intellect, and watches over their repose in the pyramids of fame. We look with grateful eyes on this preservative power of literature. When the Gothic night descended over Europe, the greatest authors of antiquity were almost forgotten and unknown. But far away in lone corners of the earth, amidst silence and shadow, the ritual of genius continued to be solemnized. Without, were storm, barbarism, and darkness; within, light, fragrance, and music. At length the sacred fire of learning burst upon its scattered shrines, until torch after torch carried it round and throughout the world."

It is certainly a fine thought—the immortality, or at least the longevity, of books; amongst the most valuable things that outlive man, although not the only things. I remember once having listened with delight to a speech from the lips of a learned and honoured friend—an eminent historian, not a great many years passed away from the midst of us—but which is not to be found among any of his published and highly useful works, in which he instituted a comparison between man himself and the works which he can form. "It is in one point of view," he said, "a humbling consideration to man that he can produce works that will endure longer than himself; like the artist who constructs and sets in motion a machine, which, with a little periodical winding-up, will perform its diurnal and monthly cycles, and continue to keep pace with time after the maker's pulse has ceased to beat, and his frame fallen into disrepair and dissolution. The child, with its feeble finger, inserts in his father's garden a scion, and waters it with his little cruise; it grows to be a great tree. When he has fallen into decay, it has only attained its maturity, and will survive his children's children. Thus it is with the pigmy creatures of this world. They die before the workmanship of their own hands—before their works of clay, and wood, and rags, as well as of iron, and brass, and gold. The houses which we build are our sepulchral monuments; the trees which we plant, the yews which shall wave and weep over our graves! Are, then, all the works of man vanity, on which nothing is to be read but the lesson reiterated by the stones of a church-yard? No. He may be instrumental in producing what bears witness to his higher destiny, and by which, though dead, he yet speaketh, and labours after he has entered into his rest."

In this fine passage, reference is made to the works of men, among which, however, we repeat, there are few which, for real utility, for the delight which they afford, and for the grand quality of endurance, can be compared with books. If it be so, then no one can over-estimate the power of reading them. Oh ye young men! see that ye rightly prize this power. It is but the lot of few to be able to hold converse with living men of high intellect and noble capacity. Even such opportunities, when they are enjoyed, are short and eva-

* This lecture, which we earnestly recommend to the notice of young working men, was lately delivered at Edinburgh (in connexion with the Educational movement referred to in our Journal for March last), by a gentleman admirably qualified, from his position and experience, to be the instructor of others.

nescent. It is permitted to few comparatively to visit foreign parts, or even the more interesting places in our own land, or to become conversant with the men and things to be met with beyond the little circle in which each one of us may move; and even then, it is only with persons now existing that we can come into contact. But give me, give any of you, access to printed books; let us pass our summer mornings in the fields, or our winter evenings at the fireside; or even such stray half hours as we may redeem from our daily toil, with the authors of such works as are really worthy of our perusal and our study; let us feel ourselves identified with them for a while; we can then live, as it were, in all ages of the world, and gather instruction from the wise of every generation.

But a word of caution may not be out of place here. The power of reading is a two-edged weapon. All books are not good or safe books; many, very many, are dangerous, are injurious; and a multitude of specimens might be given of the mischiefs that arise from a perverted use of the power of reading. In the language of one of Ireland's greatest orators, the former Mr. Grattan, when speaking in the House of Commons on this very subject, (although, as he deprecated exaggeration on such a point as this, so would we,)—"There is an infidel and a profane, a low and polluted press at work, which, setting in like an under-current with great force, is drifting many in the humbler classes of the community into irreligion, atheism, and vice. This under-current, if left unchecked, or not supplanted—especially, if not arrested by the Almighty Spirit of the living God, giving efficacy to the labours of religious men—will ere long become the main tide, break in at every door, dash its foul spray in every face, till a great proportion of our people shall have become contaminated, and society at last, weary of the increasing burden, by some violent throes, shall

'Shake her encumbered lap, and cast it off.'"

When the Norwegians discovered Wineland on the north-east coast of America, we are told that a sailor put an axe into the hands of an Indian, and intimated by signs that it was for the purpose of cutting down trees. The fellow, understanding the hint very imperfectly, began to try the *weapon* on the skull of one of his companions, which he cleft to the chin at a blow. Shocked at the natural but unexpected consequence of the experiment, the poor savage flung the axe into the sea, having found how dangerous it was to meddle with edge-tools. So may it be with books, and especially with many of those wretched low-priced publications that are now hawked about everywhere, the producers and circulators of which incur a fearful responsibility in helping, not to cleave the heads, but to corrupt the hearts and destroy the morals, of thousands of their fellow creatures.

What then are we to read? I remember on one occasion, when I was in London, calling in the waiter of the hotel to be a witness to my signature of some deed, and after subscribing his name, I said to him, "I see, James, you are an excellent writer." "Oh yes," said he, "I can write well enough; I am very fond of it." "And are you as fond of reading?" I inquired. "Oh yes," answered he smartly, "I am also very fond of reading."

"And what now do you read, James?" I said. "Read?" he replied; "why I read tales, histories, romances, novels, plays, pamphlets, newspapers, the prayer-book, the bible—any thing, every thing!"

Now this will not do. This miscellaneous mode will profit but little, and is at least not at all suitable for those who have but a very limited time to devote to reading. The last book which James mentioned, the blessed bible, should never for a single day be omitted by any of us all. But as to all other books, a wise and judicious selection ought to be made. There is abundance of the best and most profitable reading every day within the reach of most—one description of which, without disparaging any other, I am now to commend to your special attention and regard.

It is BIOGRAPHY—the preserved and published memorials of the life and history of individual men.

To study biography is in some measure to study history. The biography of a nation is a great part of its history. History has been finely denominated "God's illuminated clock, set in the dark steeple of time." But it is the men who have a place there that are at once the pointers and the figures on the dial. "Some men can read history in antiquarian researches and remains, but it is history imperfect, disfigured, and defaced; the wreck of many storms, as has been said, which time washes to the shore, and where the scholar patiently looks for treasure."

Biography must at all events be regarded as an important supplement to history. Take out of history the actings and character of individual men, and it is like plucking all the plums out of a pudding, and leaving but the paste behind. "The biographer," as has been observed by the author already quoted, "waits upon the historian as the artist does upon the navigator, who, with pencil in hand, depicts single or detached spots, where the view is concentrated, and the outline is commanded at a single glance."

By biography an immense addition is made to our knowledge of human nature. Rescuing what is especially memorable from the spoils of time, instead of dealing with the dry details of courts and the intrigues of states, the adjustment of treaties, the progress of wars, and the mere out-of-door spectacle of human events, all viewed on a general scale, and in their external manifestation, biography lets us into the secret mechanism of individual minds; we penetrate into the motives and principles from which the action in history proceeds; we are admitted to hold converse with the persons of the drama, and to get almost into confidential intercourse with them. For this reason, biography has been called the picture gallery in the halls of history. History, properly, is only the record of the result, on society and the world, of the doings of men. Biography introduces us into the house of the interpreter, and explains the springs by which the operations are carried on and their consequences evolved. Hence, biography is fitted to be more popularly acceptable than either history or any merely didactic discourse. There is in it a familiarity with other men that fits in with a strong law of our nature, whereby the attention of the indolent is aroused and the stubborn mind influenced, inasmuch as it speaks to us more with the voice of

a companion than with that of a direct master or preceptor. In this department of literature there are no deep or difficult disquisitions. The character of men, and all that constitutes it, is brought out by a sketch of the progress of their life, the nature of their employments, and all those numberless domestic anecdotes which make up so much of the real being of almost every individual.

Biography is often also a great solace in the period of advanced life. If the old squire, no longer able to follow the hounds, or hear the stirring sound of the horn, can yet, in a manner, enjoy the pleasures of the chase, by reading the "Sportsman's Magazine" in his elbow-chair; if he who must needs remain at home can still, in some degree, satisfy his curiosity, by throwing his mind into books of voyages and travels; much more may the student of biography place himself, in a yet more vivid way, in the very company of the men whom he so ardently desires to have seen and known, hold converse with them, and become partaker in all their thoughts and feelings.

If biography, as we have seen, possess some advantages over history, it is greatly superior to fiction. Fiction is an imitation; biography is a reality, and cannot legitimately trespass beyond the region of what is actual.

Biography may also become in many cases the most powerful means of encouragement in the journey of life. Have you not often seen the boys on the road—have you not sometimes been these very boys yourselves—who, when a gentleman on horseback, or a lady in a carriage comes up, immediately begin to run, and strive to keep pace with them on the road; it may possibly be in order to beguile the length of the way, but it is also to make sure, for a while at least, of the steadiness and swiftness of their own progress? So it is when, through the pages of biography, we travel along the path which others have trod; the examples that are presented may not only become a quickener of our steps, but a most opportune guide upon our way. How many individuals are there at this very moment in the world, involved in perplexity, doubt, and fear, like a man that has lost his road in a dark night, and is groping about uncertain which way to turn, and trembling lest every movement he makes may only involve him in deeper trouble? A hint from the experience of others, may in such a case save and deliver him. There are other men, it will be seen, as well as you, who have been in the same predicament with yourselves. And there is one grand and general lesson that biography teaches—I mean the wonderful equality there is, notwithstanding all the discrepancies that are to be found in the lot of man, and also the operation of the grand rule or economy of compensation that subsists in the world. Oh, if the inward throes and tumults that are often experienced by those who stand upon the pinnacles of the world were but known, they would cease to be the objects of the envy they too often excite! Believe me, inward tranquillity and contentment are, after all, the real prizes in life. Without these, all the honours and possessions of the world are little better, as has been strikingly said, than a cap of satin embroidered with gold, on a head that is rent asunder by a tumour in the brain.

In this point of view, biography may be made a sort of happy substitute for sad and painful experience. It involves, in some degree, the benefits of experience without the sorrowful experience itself. Think only of the reverses and disappointments that occur in a man's life brought on by his own ignorance, folly, and mistake! You may escape much of this misery by making a proper use of biography, which, rightly interpreted, is just the experience of others brought home to your own case. There is not an individual now listening to me, who would perhaps seriously desire to live his past life exactly over again. He would possibly have no objection to try it, if he could at the outset get all the advantage of the knowledge and experience that he now possesses. That, however, is an impossibility. But biography, in a measure, realizes this, and tends to perpetuate in another generation the qualities and virtues which existed in one that has passed away. The spirit that lives in individual men departs; but the living spirit of man, transferred by a series of moral processes, continues and abides. And not only may the character of one grand specimen of the race be thus transferred into many, but that of many into one, so that the individual of this age may be the epitome of multitudes that have gone before—each one preserving, all the while, his identity, his natural peculiarities, and constituent qualities. Time brings nothing so momentous with it as its own passing away, and the passing away, at every instant, of hundreds of undying spirits, to be supplanted by others, who in their turn shall pass away, till all have passed away, and the last of living men shall die. But yet the life of the great and the good may in this way be prolonged and preserved.

Suddenly thrown into some new and inexperienced position, surrounded by attractions and temptations of which he had no previous conception, and which produce in his mind a set of feelings which are altogether strange and new—a young man, if in such circumstances he reflect at all, may feel alarmed at discovering what a slight hold over his moral nature is possessed by all the precepts he ever has been taught; yea, even how little he is governed at such a moment by the lessons of his childhood, reinforced as these may be by the remembrance of all the parental tenderness by which they were first instilled. But perhaps, at such a time, the remembrance of one placed in similar circumstances, whose history has been recorded and read by him, may strike home to his heart a sense of principle and a conviction of duty, such as may yet rouse and save him. Or, perchance, the fate of some unhappy one, who, yielding to the allurements, became the prey of the tempter, and occupied a premature grave, may be the instrument, as in many cases that I could here recite has been the case, of laying an effectual arrest upon the youth, and turning him into another man.

I have no finer conception in my mind than that of a young person, not naturally placed in favourable circumstances, yet whose mind and taste, by some incidental cause of which he has taken advantage, or some direct effort on his own part, have been elevated to a just appreciation of his own high nature; who has perceived the wisdom and

the happiness inseparable from the determination to spurn away from him, by God's assistance, all little, low, gross, and grovelling things, in mind, heart, and taste. I think with delight of such a one, in the secrecy of his own quiet chamber, or humble corner, enjoying the pleasure which books of biography can afford him. After studying some great examples, he feels as if he stood on a new and higher platform than before. He is of kin to those specimens of courage and self-denial, of constancy, fortitude, patience, and of all the Christian virtues which he has been contemplating, and he walks forth with a spirit more erect and independent than he did before.

Contrast the feelings and condition of such a youth, with the victims of indolence, sloth, self-indulgence, and vice—the do-nothings, the good-for-nothings of this world. Or, contrast them even with the little prideful self-sufficiency of the man who has got a smattering of knowledge, which he supposes he can exhibit, ever imagining what other people will be thinking and saying about him, and accounting what a great little man he is. Oh what a contrast is here! Be very sure of this, that there cannot be a more certain mark of a small, vulgar mind, than when you see it feeding upon vanity; ever trying, not to emulate, be equal to, or even surpass its betters, but merely, under a conscious and concealed sense of inferiority, aping and imitating them, and endeavouring to palm upon the world a mere imposture. Away with such! The unreal will never fill the place of the real—the showy and superficial will never meet the purposes and ends of the solid and the true. And the man who attempts to render the one a substitute for the other, can only be compared to the fool in the ring, who mocks and mimics the master of the circus.

The lot of every one of us is appointed, directed, and disposed of by the hand of Infinite Wisdom. A youth may have had a hard and unpropitious beginning, and may yet do well—wonderfully well. Another may have had a fair and favourable start in life, and turn out at last ill—lamentably ill. There are strange up-goings and down-comings, coincidences and anomalies, in human life!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A GLIMPSE OF CORNWALL.

IN these days of travelling, when the spirit of enterprise, aided by the steam-engine, sends people to the ends of the earth, exploring with clear eyes and describing with ready pens the rare, the distant, and the beautiful, the places most likely to be both unvisited and undescribed are not those afar off, but rather those near at hand. Many lovely rural nooks of our own fair land, many venerable old cities rich in historical associations, many bustling new towns called into being by the activities of the present century, are unvisited and uncared for. Nay, more, whole counties of England are far less known than the overland route to India, the mountain glaciers of Switzerland, or the fiords of Norway.

Perhaps Cornwall has more reason to complain of this neglect than any other English county; and yet no district would more amply reward the

tourist; for it has not only beauty, but variety; not only much that is new, but much that is rare; and, more than all, it has sights which can only be seen in Cornwall. As a county, in reference to its scenery, its productions, and its inhabitants, it is unique.

A multitude of strange prejudices prevail regarding Cornwall. "West Barbary" has been a favourite term of derision. Cornish women in the mining district have been described as having lead-coloured complexions and hard angular forms, as if hewn out of their own granite rocks; while the phrase "Cornish wrecker" has sent a thrill of horror, dying away in deep disgust, into every bosom. After all, exaggerated abuse is not ultimately so injurious as exaggerated praise. Probably no one visits Cornwall for the first time with prepossessions so very much raised as to insure disappointment. On the contrary, the greater number among those who ramble so far beyond railways are all the more delighted because surprise mingles with the pleasure.

Taking the route of the coach road through Cornwall, the length of the county can be traversed from its eastern commencement at Torpoint, near Devonport, to Penzance, at the west, in a day—a long day's coaching—hard work, and tedious in these times. In this day's journey, three distinct features meet even the superficial gaze. From Torpoint to Bodmin, passing through the pretty well-built town of Liskeard, the country is most lovely. Hills, finely wooded nearly to their summits, skirt the road on one side; while valleys, with abundant pastures, tell of well-fed cows that give the rich cream for which Cornwall is as celebrated as Devon. The romantic Tamer winds its devious course through verdant meadows and around the base of wood-crowned hills; while smaller streams, like playful children wandering from a mother's care, leap down the hills, and lose themselves in the woods, from thence returning back again to the parent stream. The little glancing, sparkling river that crosses and recrosses the main road, between Liskeard and Bodmin, and runs meanwhile to hide among the woods, singing its rippling melody as it dances on its way, is well named the "Foy"; a longer name would not so well express the character of this poetic little river.

From Bodmin to Truro there is a more open and barren country, and tourists begin to think these plains must be the mining district. No, not yet. In the midst of this region are the beds of fine white clay that make the purest china and the most stainless Parian pottery. To see those huge square clay pits spread over this plain, filled with what looks like milk in its intense whiteness—the men, women, and children, with garments equally white, working around—is a scene so strange, that wild nursery legends come to mind, and one thinks of those mighty Cornish giants that the famous Jack in the old story killed, and mentally exclaims, "Surely these huge milk coolers must belong to the giant's dairy." An opportunity, too, is here presented of seeing how a river of milk would look; for the streams being used to soften the clay, so as to work it into square lumps, run white for miles; and very ugly, indeed, is the sight. "A land flowing with milk and honey" is a rich poetic simile, but would be a most unsightly literal

fact. Take the sparkling limpid clearness from a stream, and its beauty is gone; it is as unpleasant as a dirty face.

Arrived at Truro, and exchanged into the Penzance mail—and then the populous district, with its towns, its minerals, and machinery, commences. An air of bustle, comfort, and intelligence pervades the towns and the people. The country looks very strange. Vast quantities of the refuse dug out of the mines and left from the metals, lie in rude disorder over the barren plains. Even the engine-houses, the arrangements of tram-roads, the pulleys and trucks, look confused and disorderly from the extent of waste surface over which the works are spread. The extreme poverty of the soil for all agricultural purposes; the granite projecting up in rugged points through the thin coarse herbage; the absence of gardens round the cottages; the bony yet strong-built horses, which are laughingly said to be fed on granite stones and pilchard casks, which give prominence to their ribs and hardness to their constitutions; all these sights lead one to the conclusion that as far as Britain is concerned, one is reaching the end of all things. However, before arriving at Penzance, the country becomes verdant and beautiful; and the noble bay, with its majestic turret-crowned rock—St. Nicholas Mount—standing out in the midst of the heaving billows, satisfies the most luxuriant imagination. To behold that bay at sunset, with a rough sea running in shore, is a sight that can neither be described nor forgotten.

Among the many pleasant excursions it has been our lot to make in our own dear England, none was ever pleasanter than a ramble in the early spring of last year to St. Just, a town on Cape Cornwall, about two miles north-west from the Land's End. Two large mines give employment to the inhabitants of the town—Balswidden tin mine and Botallock copper mine; the great peculiarity of the latter being that it extends many fathoms under the sea, and that the shafts are sunk, and the engine-house placed, on the rugged face of a lofty frowning granite rock, so hard in substance and so deep in colour that it looks like solid iron rather than stone of any kind. To stand on the front of this rock, even on the safe though narrow shelves made for the passage of metal trucks, and to look up to the frowning mass that juts far overhead, and then down on the engine-house, standing on a rugged peak, as though like a child's toy it had been thrown there, and never could again be reached; to gaze lower still at the foaming waves, tearing themselves among the awful chasms and jagged points of the iron-bound coast, while far below the platform on which the awe-struck dizzy visitor stands, the sea-birds, as they fly, mingle their screams with the ceaseless din of the waters; is a sight so full of the sublimity of nature and the enterprise of man, that the heart must be cold indeed that does not feel a deeper throb of gratitude to God and a higher estimate of the dignity of labour. In such a scene as this, amid the wonders of man's ingenuity and the triumphs of his industry, if the command "honour all men" is recalled to the mind, assuredly it is not difficult to honour the labourer whose toil in darkness and danger money, after all, can never repay.

The appearances around Balswidden tin mine are rather strange than picturesque. The immense quantities of pulverised stone that have been cast abroad over the whole surface of the ground, above the mine, and all round the engine-house, the crushing-mills and the troughs for washing the ore, give one some idea of what the sands in desert regions must be. It is presumed that our readers are aware that tin ore, in its native state, is found embedded in granite. The stone is blasted and broken up in the depths of the earth, and sent in lumps to the surface, where it is put into the crushing mill and pulverised, the powder to which it is reduced being thrown into troughs filled with water, when the metal, being the heavier, sinks to the bottom, and the stony portions remaining at the top are cast abroad as refuse. The metal powder (the tin) goes through many processes, that of smelting in particular, before it is fit for the workman to fashion into the various articles of household use.

The mines in Cornwall are so deep that the miners are in the habit of speaking somewhat contemptuously of the coal mines of the north. They call them "pits, not mines." Ninety fathoms (540 feet) is the depth of Balswidden mine, which is not considered an unusual or great depth. The shafts down at various parts of the mine are very narrow, and the ladder that leads into the deep abyss looks so uninviting that visitors seldom venture down; at all events they seldom go below some of the platforms or levels nearest the surface. The shafts are called "sinking," and the levels or hewn paths that branch from these shafts are called in making "driving." The idea is "sinking" into, and "driving" through the beds of granite, in search of the ore. In some large mines, there are man-escapes in case of accident, on a plan similar to the pulling up the buckets containing the ore. But it is sometimes found not only difficult but impossible to use the escape, and the heart sickens at the thought of how many poor creatures must have suffered, when wounded and maimed they have been brought up the long, long dreary ladders to the surface. Eight hours is a day's work in most mines. There are relays of gangs of labourers, who divide the four-and-twenty hours into three equal parts. The toil being great, the atmosphere pernicious and often very hot and damp, whilst sometimes he is compelled to work up to the waist in water, the miner has a worn and wasted look, and life with him is not only unusually uncertain, but brief; yet, for intelligence and piety, the Cornish miner would contrast favourably with any of the labouring classes in Britain.

Men and boys only work *in* the mines. Women and girls wash the ores, and do the lighter work; none of it, however, seems either light or pleasant, and yet, being tolerably remunerated, they (the women) look contented, and in general healthier than the men.

St. Just is entirely a mining town, that is, a town whose whole population is engaged in some departments of mining. Some are shareholder clerks, some captains or overlookers, and others miners, washers of ore, etc. Long rows of decent little two-storied houses are the abodes of the miners. Most of them are their own property. As

provisions are cheap, the wages of the women are mostly expended in dress, and few towns show a gayer-looking scene than St. Just on a Sunday. A visitor, who came on that day into the town, between the hours of ten and twelve in the morning, would find none but the sick and helpless, and their attendants, in the houses. All, young and old, would be at church or chapel; large places of worship, well built and commodious, stamping the character of the place. In the most central part of the town—an open space, whence the streets diverge—there is a handsome building, that excites as much surprise as admiration, "The St. Just Literary and Scientific Institution." On entering this neat and elegant structure (the first and the last literary institution in England, for Cape Cornwall is just at hand, and the Land's End rocks are near), an excellent lecture-room, with raised seats, capable of seating at least 300 people, meets the eye. All the accessories of table for experiments, platform, and lighting, are admirable. Female taste, too, has aided the decorations. The elegant, embroidered cushions of the platform-chairs are a drawing-room luxury, rarely seen in the lecture-room. In the well-stored library, the first book we took up was Mrs. Somerville's "Connexion of the Physical Sciences;" and, looking further, we found that the library, for its size, was peculiarly rich in scientific works. That the institution was as well sustained as appointed was evident. Many an institution, in rich districts of London, might learn a lesson, as to the self-sustaining spirit, from that of St. Just.

There never was a more ignorant and presumptuous fallacy than that which supposes Cornwall inferior in intellect to other parts of England. On the contrary, taking the average of the working classes throughout the land, it is fully equal, and, in many instances, superior. The nature of the mining operations requires forethought and calculation in the humblest worker. Hence, scientific books are especially prized by the more studious among them. Nay, as far back as 1777, there was a book society established by the ladies of Penzance. Very few towns in England had a ladies' book society then. Sir Humphry Davy's birth-place was worthy of him.

Sin and sorrow are of course to be found in Cornwall as elsewhere; but in no part of our native land will the eye be less often offended by the spectacle of intemperance, or the ear shocked by the words of the blasphemer. Shut out from much intercourse with other parts of England, girdled in by frowning rocks and stormy seas, engaged in stern labour in the bowels of the earth, or on the boisterous billows, the people are simple, thoughtful, and pious, in no ordinary degree.

"But the wreckers, the Cornish wreckers!" some are ready to exclaim. Whenever a horrible story is told, it is as well to believe only half at most, and even that is generally too large a credulity. One month before the visit to St. Just here described, a terrible shipwreck had occurred on the adjacent coast. A vessel from Liverpool, sadly out in her reckoning, ran upon the rocks in a gale, and was instantly wrecked. The crew, nine in number, perished. The captain and his wife, when the vessel struck, rushed from their cabin on deck in their night-clothes, and when the ship went to

pieces they were thrown by a huge wave on to a rock within sight of the town of St. Just. The Brisons are two hideous black rocks that rear their jagged and threatening heads from the sea, a short distance from Cape Cornwall. The waves are always torn into foam as they rush between these rocks and the mainland, and only in the very calmest day can a small boat get safely near them. It was very stormy when this wreck happened; and those who looked out from the cape upon the waters, as the wintry morning slowly broke after the catastrophe, were horrified at distinguishing two living beings on the rock—one of them a woman! It was Saturday morning, and many hours had passed since the sufferers had been thrown upon the rock. They were safe from any immediate fear of a watery grave, but cold, hunger, and exhaustion threatened their lives. The whole town was astir, and all labour was suspended. But the winds and waves rising higher and fiercer, guarded their prey and prevented all aid reaching them. Every thing that ingenuity, sharpened by benevolence, could devise, was planned, and yet the day as it declined saw only a succession of failures, and the sun went down, the two still on the rock and the wailing multitude on the shore. Many a boat had put off and been capsized! Many a brave fellow risked his life to no purpose! Night fell, and fires were lighted to assure the sufferers of sympathy, and to keep hope in their aching hearts.

On Sunday morning it was with tearful joy the watchers, now a great concourse, discovered that the man and woman yet lived. Then came fresh help and fresh suggestions. But the storm yet raged, and nothing was effectually done. At length, a brave crew manned a boat that got near enough in the boiling surf to throw a rocket, with a rope attached to the stick, on to the rock within reach of the sufferers. It was an experiment merely, and it was intended, if the rope was held, to send off a basket with provisions and blankets, and to wait until the wind abated to get them off. But the almost distracted husband, very naturally, on clutching the rope, instantly put it round the waist of his exhausted wife, and before clear signals could be made, she leapt from the rock into the roaring sea; the boatmen pulled, and brought her through the foaming waves into the boat. Alas! life was fled! In the hurry and anguish when the rope was fixed, a stop knot was never made, and, of course, the rope so tightened by her fall and weight that strangulation was produced. But the cold, the leap into the surf, the deep wounds received from the sharp rock, were each enough to produce death. The husband was afterwards drawn into the boat safely, though, of course, ready to perish. Among the boat's crew who resolved to save the sufferers, or perish in the attempt, was one weather-beaten tar, used to the coast, who had in his time seen many wrecks. But when the distorted face of the poor woman he had hoped to save met his gaze—a corpse! a cold chill struck through his honest breast and sturdy frame, and from that time, though he continued to do his usual work, he drooped in health and spirits, and died just before the visit here recorded, and was to be buried next day. The old sailor, who narrated the fact of his comrade's death, heaving a sigh over the tragedy, all of which he had witnessed, ex-

claimed, "I've seen many a sad sight in my time may the Lord take me soon, rather than let me see such another!" The tenderness and bravery these dwellers on that rugged coast displayed then, and doubtless often, ought to be borne in mind by all who have a taste for the horrible and demoniac as shown, some say, in beings called "Cornish Wreckers."

SERPENTS IN MEXICO.

PASSING through a forest, says a recent Mexican traveller, in the vicinity of a small hamlet called Suera, at an early hour in the morning, and finding it excessively hot, I was glad to loiter along a narrow path in the shade of the overhanging trees; my mule walked lazily a few paces before me, stopping from time to time to insert his nose in a tuft of grass, or a heap of dried leaves upon the ground. Proceeding in this manner for some distance, I at last began to see the sunlight on the other side of the wood, and to think of the heated atmosphere into which we were about to emerge again.

I stepped aside for a moment to admire a rich tuft of large purple flowers, my mule having plodded on about eight or ten yards ahead, when, as I turned from the flowers towards the path, a sensation as of a flash of lightning struck my sight, and I saw a brilliant and powerful snake winding its coils round the head and body of the poor mule. It was a large and magnificent boa of a black and yellow colour, and it had entwined the poor beast so firmly in its folds, that ere he had time to utter more than one feeble cry, he was crushed and dead. The perspiration broke out on my forehead as I thought of my own narrow escape; and only remaining a moment to view the movements of the monster as he began to uncoil himself, I rushed through the brushwood, and did not consider myself safe until I was entirely free of the forest.

I had occasion to return by the same road in the evening; but on arriving at the wood, I turned into a different path from the one we had taken before; and kept an eager watch on the surrounding trees and bushes. Having almost reached the middle of the wood, I heard a number of voices chanting a wild air, and on turning an angle of the road saw a troop of figures—Indians and Mestizoes—advancing, armed with long poles and flexible steel wands, which they flourished in the air as an accompaniment to their song. The long poles were used for the purpose of starting their prey, and overpowering them when discovered; and the flexible steel rods in their hands were still more characteristic of their vocation, being often used so dexterously as to cause instant death to a serpent of the largest size.

These quaint sportsmen trailed behind them a huge snake which they had recently killed. I eyed it with some attention as they came up, and discovered that it was very like the monster who had devoured my mule in the morning: there were the same head and eyes, the same black and yellow scales, and it was of similar proportions. I raised the skin of the throat, which had been cut, half expecting to perceive the shaggy ears of a mule remaining there undigested; but no such appearance could I discern: he might have been my enemy of the forenoon notwithstanding, and I tried to persuade myself that he was so. I regarded the group, as they retreated, with mingled feelings of satisfaction for the justice they had done, and of sympathy for the risks they must encounter in their dangerous pursuit.

Good Thoughts in the midst of Business.

It is a great fault to suppose that attention to one duty is an excuse for neglecting another. People who have their families or their business to attend to are very apt to say, "I am so busy, I have no time to think about religion." Now, sure enough, worldly business has a tendency to put good thoughts out of the mind; and yet, if we try sincerely, we may generally find room to think of something good, without driving out necessary attention to our common duties; indeed, full employment is a fine remedy against idle and mischievous thoughts, and one evil thought hinders religion more than ten busy thoughts. Some good old writer says, "The grand secret to prevent bad thoughts, is to have plenty of employment; an empty house is everybody's property; all the vagrants in the country will take up their quarters in it: always, therefore, have something to do, and then you will always have something to think of." Besides, when employed in that with which we have by habit become very familiar, we may do it well, and quickly, without giving it all our thoughts. A weaver in his loom, a carpenter at his bench, a mother with her babe in her arms, or while sewing or knitting, often sing a song without hindering their work, or diverting their attention from it. Now the words of that song might as well express sense as nonsense; had much better be the language of heartfelt devotion, than of profanity or indecency. I knew a good shepherd who said he had always learned by heart a verse of scripture at breakfast-time, which served him to meditate upon through the day; and so rich was the treasure of scripture thus laid up in his mind in the course of a long life, that the neighbours used to call him a walking bible. I suppose you could scarcely name a passage of scripture but he could take it up, and go on with the connexion, and that in such a way as proved that he not only recollected the words of scripture, but likewise relished their sweetness. In like manner, I knew a pious weaver who used to have a hymn-book or a testament lying open on his loom, which afforded him many a refreshing thought. A poor shoemaker I have often with pleasure observed, hearing his children their catechism and hymns, while sewing away at his last; and a mother of a family always kept in her pocket "Mason's Select Remains," or some other little book of the same kind, which she could look at a minute or two while she was giving her babe the breast, or lulling it to sleep. These examples show what may be done by trying; and, at least, no one should rest satisfied in having no time for good thoughts, who can find time to admit a thought of vanity and folly. Those who sincerely try will find it much easier than they imagine, and still more refreshing and delightful than easy, to raise a thought to God and heavenly things while the hands are busy for earth. Even if we are surrounded with bustle and clamour, it is not quite impossible to raise a secret thought in prayer, like Nehemiah when handing the cup to the king at the royal banquet, his heart being overcharged with care and distress—"So I prayed to the God of heaven;" or, like Zaccheus, we may climb the sycamore tree, and get a sight of Jesus. Prayer can find its way to God above the heads of the crowd, and none but the holy soul itself see or know what is going forward. A penitent believing heart is always in a fit place and frame for prayer; and a believing prayer is sure to turn the promises of God into performances. The mind of man is never so eagerly disposed to pray, but God is still more ready to give; and those who know the way to the throne of grace will often say with Melancthon, "Trouble and perplexity compel me to pray; and prayer drives away perplexity and trouble."

Poetry on the Butterfly and the Bee.

THE BUTTERFLY'S FIRST FLIGHT.

Thou hast burst from thy prison,
Bright child of the air,
Like a spirit just risen
From its mansion of care.

Thou art joyously winging
Thy first ardent flight,
Where the gay lark is singing
Her notes of delight ;

Where the sunbeams are throwing
Their glories on thine,
Till thy colours are glowing
With tints more divine.

Then testing new pleasure
In summer's green bowers,
Reposing at leisure
On fresh opened flowers ;

Or delighted to hover
Around them, to see
Whose charms, airy rover,
Bloom sweetest for thee ;

And fondly inhaling
Their fragrance, till day
From thy bright eye is failing
And fading away.

Then seeking some blossom
Which looks to the west,
Thou dost find in its bosom
Sweet shelter and rest.

And there dost betake thee,
Till darkness is o'er,
And the sunbeams awake thee
To pleasure once more.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

Child of the sun ! pursue thy rapturous flight,
Mingle with her thou lovest in fields of light ;
And, where the flowers of Paradise unfold,
Quaff fragrant nectar from their cups of gold.
There shall thy wings, rich as an evening sky,
Expand and shut with silent ecstasy !
—Yet wert thou once a worm ; a thing, that crept
On the bare earth, then wrought a tomb, and slept !
And such is man ; soon from his cell of clay
To burst a seraph, in the blaze of day !

ROGERS.

A BUTTERFLY AT A CHILD'S GRAVE.

A butterfly basked on an infant's grave
Where a lily had chanced to grow ;
"Why art thou here with thy gaudy dye ?
Where she of the bright and sparkling eye
Must sleep in the churchyard low."

Then it lightly soar'd through the sunny air,
And spoke from its shining track :
"I was a worm till I won my wings,
And she whom thou mourn'st, like a seraph sings—
Would thou call the blest one back ?"

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

TO A WILD BEE.

Roamer of the mountain !
Wanderer of the plain !
Lingerer by the fountain,
Where thou dost sustain
A part in Nature's rich, and wild, and varied strain !

Fairy of the summer !
I love to watch thy flight,
When first thou art a comer,
On wings so gauzy light,
Flitting in wildering maze before my dazzled sight.

Thou hummest o'er the heather
Upon the breezy hill ;
And in sultry weather,
When every wind is still,
Float'st through the waveless air unto the singing rill.

On the moorland mosses,
Thou sipp'st the fragrant thyme :
And the tufted bosses
Of greenest grass dost climb,
With struggling feet, to rest thy wing in noontide's prime.

In the lily's blossom,
An ivory palace tower,
In the rose's bosom,
Safe from the sudden shower,
Thou shelterest, heeding not how thunder-clouds may lower.

Thou lov'st the sunny hours,
When upwards thou dost spring,
With the dew from cluste, cool flowers,
And mosses on thy wing—
The sweet enslaving dew, that doth so closely cling.

Thou lov'st the sunset's glowing,
When, with thy mimic toil,
Half weary, thou art going
Laden with thy sweet spoil,
Unto the quiet home, wherein is no turmoil.

I would that I might ever
Have thee before mine eyes !
Surely I should endeavour
To learn to be as wise,
And all the simple gifts of Providence should prize.

But even now, unsteady !
Thou tak'st again thy flight ;
Thy little wings already
Are quivering in the light,
Thy hum is faintlier heard, thou'st darted from my sight.

MISS M. A. BROWNE.

TO A BUSY HIVE BEE.

Thou wert out betimes, thou busy, busy bee !
As abroad I took my early way,
Before the cow from her resting-place
Had risen up and left her trace
On the meadow, with dew so grey,
Saw I thee, thou busy, busy bee.

Thou wert working late, thou busy, busy bee !
After the fall of the cistus' flower ;
When the primrose of evening was ready to burst,
I heard thee last, I saw thee first ;
In the silence of the evening hour,
Heard I thee, thou busy, busy bee.

Thou art a miser, thou busy, busy bee !
Late and early at employ ;
Still on thy golden stores intent,
Thy summer in heaping and hoarding is spent
What thy winter will never enjoy ;
Wise lesson this for me, thou busy, busy bee.

Little dost thou think, thou busy, busy bee !
What is the end of thy toil ;
When the latest flowers of the ivy are gone,
And all thy work for the year is done,
Thy master comes for the spoil :
Woe then for thee, thou busy, busy bee.

SOUTHEY.

Bees work for man : and yet they never bruse
Their master's flower, but leave it, having done,
As fair as ever, and as fit for use
So both the flower doth stay, and honey run.

HERBERT.